

39c
20
Miscellaneous Poems,

WRITTEN BY A

L A D Y,

Being her first ATTEMPT.

An untried bark is launched, not fraught with store,
Bound for Parnassus, not for Indias ore ;
A timid female is her whole contents,
Ye savage pirates give her not offence ;
Merchants disdain it, 'tis not worth a thought,
Rich in their own great funds by genius taught ;
Ye great directors of poetic fire,
Lash not the fearful maid with critic ire ;
In gentle breezes softly guide her on,
And laurel wreath expect on her return.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :

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MD CCLXVIII.

Philippina Burton

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E R R A T A.

Page 9. Instead of *ring* read *sing*.

Page 33. For *quiting* read *quitting*.

Page 50. For *they are* read *the're*.

Page 68. For *bewilder'd* read *bewilder'ds*.

Page 75. For *unrol* read *unroll*.

Page 86. For *look* read *lock*.

AN
A P O L O G Y
FOR A
P R E F A C E.

FIRST for the author and next her production,
A preface is wrote not as a deduction ;
Tho' full of humility, modest, and meek,
Th'intent's to inhance and your favour bespeak !
If I'm not wrong in my early conjecture,
'Tis generally meant by way of a lecture ;
To prepare for impression, each mind that would
read,

Like the counsel his client before he will plead ;
But here with permission I beg to remark,
One sits in the light, and one's left in the dark ;
Need I explain, you'll conclude 'tis the poet,
That's clouded with doubts and cannot forego it ;

The reason is clear, he knows not his reader,
While law fathoms all, nay, is the sole leader ;
Yet half that it governs it cannot content,
So fickle is fancy at even 'twill repent
An act of the morn, tho' done with persuasion,
Of right—rapture of sense makes the invasion ;
For often you blame when you wish to approve,
Excited by passion or maddened with love ;
If you with yourselves are so seldom at ease,
How can you expect that an author should please?
A stranger to you and your caprice in course,
Excuse her, if languid, where you would have
force :

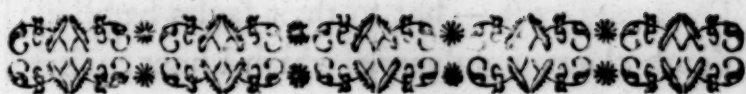
You indulge your phyſician, let him come twice,
Before he can give you for certain, advice ;
Nay, thrice he may come, nor determine at laſt,
Your pulſes beat too flow, but anon are too faſt ;
This difficult caſe demands conſultation,
Call the beſt judges we have in the nation ;
A nervous diſorder will baffle their ſkill,
Medicinal juices controul not the will ;
For doctors agree that ſickneſs of ſpirit
Can never be heal'd, though drugs have great
merit,

By physical rules, still they prescribe, for fee
Yon ignorant imperick has just took his fee ;
How

How could he refuse when estate he has none,
 'Twere foolish indeed for a poor younger son,
 Not to accept it when profusion intreats,
 For gold without skill will do many great feats ;
 A mixture of simples can do you no harm,
 So the good man withdraws and sends you his
 charm ;
 You take it, still find your disorders increase,
 'Till death proves the doctor and gives the
 release ;
 But what has physicians or counsels to do
 With your burlesque preface, production or you ?
 Hints a prudent good friend, pray come to an
 end,
 Connection observe, nor with satire are blend ;
 'Tis a dangerous theme, the gall'd will retort,
 And many, so many we have of this sort ;
 No politic Lady would lash them in rhyme,
 Besides, you profess that you love the sublime ;
 'Tis true, I prefer a celestial retreat,
 But then the terrestrial my maxims defeat ;
 Her barriers confine me, for when I would fore
 Strong chains of the mortal oppress me still more ;
 Return, little rover, the world will laugh at
 Your descriptions of soaring, sinking—leave that
 Apology,

Apology, make for your publication,
 With modest assurance give the relation,
 What induced you to write the motives reveal ;
 Wa'it but for amusement, why need you conceal ?
 If trivial the cause, 'tis so much the better,
 Heed not the cause Sir, if 'tis a good matter ;
 My end is obtain'd—the public will judge,
 Some condemn, some commend, I'll owe them
 no grudge ;

Each rational being will think as he reads,
 Preferring his thoughts to what preference pleads,
 His opinion should sway, therefore I decline
 Explaining my view in invoking the nine ;
 I thank you, my friend, and am nevertheless
 Obliged to that kindness which hear you profess.



T H E
D E D I C A T I O N .

MUST I by force a Dedication write,
 (I who have little of poetic light)
 But not without a kind permission,
 Lest I offend your grand condition.
 To ask indulgence would affect my pride,
 But still I hope your favour on my side.
 With due submission I wou'd dedicate
 This first essay, tho' doubtful of its fate ;
 To sons of candor, who for virtue care,
 And scorn to cramp the genius of the fair.
 Crush not these orphan volumes which I send
 As pilgrims thro' the world, be you their friend.
 'The language poor — in manners not refin'd,
 Unskill'd in art, for they were ne'er design'd
 For servile purpose, with a glaring shew ;
 Nature has taught them every thing they know.

Be partial then, my Lords ; if you are kind
 They may exist — but to their faults be blind ;
 Youth claims indulgence, which I hope to share,
 So for your kind decision I prepare ;
 Ardently zealous to act well in all,
 Perhaps that very zeal will cause their fall :
 I give them birth, and feel a parent's pain,
 And wou'd protect them, but my aid is vain.
 At awful distance lowly now I bend,
 Intreating you, my Lords, to be their friend ;
 The patronage of those I humbly crave,
 Whose judgment may my labours crush or save.
 What sweet content would in my bosom reign,
 Should you applaud, and bid me on again ;
 Trembling I stand, each nerve's relax'd with fear,
 Now defamation's thund'ring in my ear —
 Oh shocking Ma'am ! why your's is such poor stuff,
 The three first pages would have been enough ;
 We can't applaud, in justice to our taste,
 Nor sanction give, you write so much in haste.
 Granted I do ; but I shall grow more calm
 As age comes on, more patient, and less warm ;
 Bear with me now, let me but live a while,
 I'll study to improve in thought and stile ;
 In dedications 'tis a common mode
 To pay encomiums in a fulsome load. —

But

[iii]

But your heroic actions best will prove
 Your loyal zeal, and constancy in love ;
 Your warm attachments to the British cause, }
 Your love of freedom, and her happy laws, }
 Far spread your merits with deserv'd applause. }
 Our gracious King beholds — and joys to find
 True loyal virtue — with such valour join'd.
 For me ! what madness to attempt your praise,
 So much above my languid feeble lays.
 Let but your candour shield this first essay,
 I may deserve — your smiles some — future day.
 Till then, my Lords, with much respect in
 view,
 I rest with all submission ever due.



A N

INVOCATION

T O T H E

M U S E S.

 R A N I A, deign to aid a roving
U mind,
 Too much of thought within my
breast I find ;

So many objects rush in on my soul,
All efforts vain to comprehend the whole.
Sometimes a war is raging in my breast,
Passion with passion, thought by thought oppress'd:

Each has a claim, and warm'd with the debate,
 Union decamps, disdaining such a state.
 Cœlestial muse ! that has so often sung,
 Heroic actions with thy heavenly tongue :
 Inspir'd is all whenever thou has shin'd,
 Assist my numbers, give me thought refin'd.
 'Tis this I ask : O hear me and comply !
 Grant me my ardent wish, or let me die :
 Good sense, true taste, with eloquence display'd,
 Language consistent with your friendly aid.
 Say, heavenly Goddess, shall my suit be heard,
 Say, Sisters Nine, whom I have long rever'd ;
 And now a suppliant at your shrine I bend,
 Your kind assistance to my judgment lend :
 What off'ring can I to your temples bring ?
 Inspire my feeble genius, fain I'd sing,
 Some action noble, laudable, sublime,
 Such as might please Parnassus' favourite clime.
 Thy strength, Minerva, oft I will implore,
 Each subject to assist, I ask no more :
 Hear my request, fulfil my strong desire,
 Grace my endeavours with cœlestial fire :
 With due submission for such favour shewn,
 My grateful muse your kindness shall make known.
 But ye are heav'n-born goddesses divine,
 Mere mortal I, and nothing have sublime :

Yet

Yet I'm ambitious, wou'd be something more,
 In thought I'm bold, but in expression poor.
 Though quite deficient in descriptive lays,
 Yet thirst to write with true poetic praise.
 Tumultuous objects crowd within my breast,
 With such emotion that I cannot rest :
 In Fancy's maze each thought is nerv'd and strong,
 But Fancy floats, and throng'd ideas come ;
 'Till, all bewilder'd, in a chaos led,
 Eclips'd is Reason, Muse and Genius fled.
 A dreary waste presents itself to view,
 And barren plains alarm my soul anew :
 A dreadful gloom usurps the place of mirth,
 And Nature sickens on this fruitless earth.
 Imagination's to confusion wrought,
 Destroy'd the soul-felt energy of thought :
 What then is man ? this first best blessing lost,
 His reason clouded, on a tempest tost ;
 Rack'd with convulsive torture of the mind,
 Resolves, retracts, and proves himself but blind.
 O hidden source of every solid joy !
 Grant us thy aid, what then can man annoy.

But Reason re-assumes her throne again,
 And drives old Chaos from the mad'ning brain.
 O for a theme ! this is the golden hour,
 Now Reason dawns with her approaching pow'r :

My mind is tranquil, pleasing scenes appear,
 And rich Delight disperses every fear.
 A glorious prospect, heav'nly fund of joy,
 Affording scope for Reason's grand employ;
 All Nature's beauty op'ning to the sight,
 Floats in a maze of infinite delight.
 Man! thou great master of politic law,
 Fruitless thy search to seek creation's flaw.
 The graceful structure breathes an air of ease,
 And boasts an Author of superior praise.
 But vain's my feeble lethargy of skill,
 Too weak's my judgment, altho' strong in will,
 To draw perfection with my erring quill. }
 For even now, while thus I write, I fear,
 I tremble, dread some danger sure is near.
 I feel the cause, 'twill brave the public view,
 My trifling subject breathing nothing new.
 Come, Resolution, lend thy assisting hand,
 To spread my feeble efforts round the land.
 And you, my readers all, that may peruse,
 Excuse my language, 'tis an infant muse.
 Suspend your censure, for a while at least,
 Then shou'd I treat you with a sumptuous feast,
 Where nectar'd goblets over-flow with wine,
 Where gods and goddesses set down to dine.

Where

Where rich libations animate the soul,
 While bands harmonious complete the whole.
 The laurel wreath my chosen guest shall crown,
 Whilst some fair nymph shall ring his past renown.
 But ah ! I write alone, no muse is here,
 I tremble, doubt—my pen drops down with fear.





The FELICITY of an ENGLISH
SUBJECT, in Part display'd.

WHILE other nations wear tyrannic
chains,

In Britain's isle dear Liberty remains :
A noble freedom we with peace enjoy,
And nothing can our tranquil bliss annoy ;
While virtuous George, our Guardian and our
King,

Governs,—this realm's secure from ev'ry sting :
Oh ! Prince, renown'd, thrice happy on thy
Example worthy of thyself alone ; [throne,
Prudent, tho' young ; tho' unexperienc'd, wise ;
Immortal fame must in thy cause arise ;
To east, west, north, and south, thy praises blow,
And laurels wreath t'adorn thy godlike brow ;
Belov'd by all, and reigning in our hearts,
Thy grace benign to each its care imparts :
Ever attentive to redress our wrongs,
Whether domestic broil, or foreign comes.
When the late discord reach'd the Royal ear,
With how much speed, his vast parental care,
Sum-

Summon'd his council, and of measures thought,
 To save those rebels from the death they sought:
 When each their best opinion then display'd,
 The country, quick again serene was laid;
 Redress'd the Weaver's case, at once receiv'd,
 And dying Commerce was by him reliev'd.
 Patron of good, deserving of all fame,
 That can adorn the King, or private name.
 Urg'd on by principles of godly birth,
 Grand, moral precepts his bright guide on earth.
 Vice finds not place within his palace wall,
 Sacred to Virtue, and Britannia's call:
 O people! speak the blessings you partake,
 And let no foreign arts our virtue shake;
 France, ever jealous of our long-known fame,
 Is always strenuous to eclipse the same;
 But such firm zeal dwells in each English breast,
 Of Persecution's self it stood the test:
 Britannia's sons, nourish'd in freedom's field,
 Know how to prize dear Liberty, our shield;
 And high exalted on her throne of ease,
 Look down contemptuous on all foreign ways:
 While other nations dare not speak or look,
 Our English laws no voice did e'er rebuke;
 That spoke the dictates of an honest soul,
 But sanction gives without the least controul;
Ycs,

Yes, so indulgent are our glorious laws,
 That all may groan, altho' they have no cause.
 Not so in France ; should any dare declare
 His honest soul, if any such be there ;
 E'en tho' it were from patriotic zeal, [feel :
 Straight prisons, racks, wheels, tortures, gags they
 Not one in France dares sentiments make known,
 Except pack'd ministers of state alone.
 Sacred goddess ! — protect our Albion's isle,
 Patroness of Liberty, still on us smile.
 'Tis here thou reign'st acknowledg'd and lov'd,
 Cherish'd by all, and by our King approv'd :
 Still may content crown all his future hours,
 And yield this sovereign bliss — his will be ours.

N. B. This poem was inserted in the *Gazetteer*
 the 2d of January, 1767.





E M M A

T O

E D W A R D.

HASTE Edward, come, obey Love's call,
 Light of my life, my all in all;
 I burn, I languish, pine, despair,
 Now haste thy Emma's heart to cheer:
 My every thought is fill'd with thee,
 Come bring thy healing balm to me;
 Cordial refreshing to my soul,
 Thy pow'r alone can make me whole.
 Thou art the source of all my joy,
 What have I done thy sense to cloy?
 My soul lay smother'd, was not warm
 'Till first I met thy godlike form;
 But at thy sight I felt her move,
 I ask'd the cause, and found it Love!

All

All animated was her course,
 Each nerve then trembl'd with her force !
 Too soon thy voice my ear hath charm'd,
 And all my sense thy subject warm'd ;
 Thy theme was love, the object me !
 Who from enchantment could stand free ?
 I caught the sweet seraphic flame,
 And thought thy breast had felt the same ;
 When thou all else did shun but me,
 I gave my life, my soul to thee !
 Thy rich perfumes still on me lay,
 Nor will I wash them e'er away ;
 No other shall my love defile,
 Should'st thou on Emma cease to smile.
 O haste, ye ling'ring minutes fly !
 Go fetch my love, quick, or I die.
 I melt, consume, am all on fire,
 I burn, I tremble with desire !
 What charm can sooth thee to my breast ?
 Depriv'd of thee I ne'er can rest ;
 Come then, all charming as thou art,
 Haste to thy love and sooth her heart !
 Now Phœbus haste, and run thy course,
 Apollo drive with all thy force,
 Permit the mantled night to come
 That brings each ardent lover home.

The

The night that is a lover's friend,
 When innocence with joy doth blend ;
 Thy curtain kindly covers all,
 And love's protected by its fall.
 Thy sable mantle draw around
 Until my ardent wish is found ;
 The night is come, but Oh ! my love,
 To me less kind than night will prove.
 Since I am left to sigh alone,
 For nothing can thy loss atone:
 The youths assemble round me all ;
 But what are they ? 'tis thee I call ;
 Not all their art can e'er unbind
 Thy image from my raptur'd mind :
 Their eloquence is lost on me,
 I'm deaf to all but love and thee ;
 Thy form is chain'd within my soul,
 Thou every passion shalt controul ;
 How canst thou then so cruel be
 To keep substantial bliss from me,
 With joys delusive all I'm fill'd,
 My happiness by thee is kill'd ;
 Silent I sit, sigh and complain,
 My only wish thee to regain :
 I shun the day and seek the night,
 Now thou art absent from my sight ;

What

What shall I do, or whither run?
 My wretched state is just begun:
 In vain all sports the youths prepare,
 My easy heart they would ensnare,
 For that's already done by thee;
 And my fix'd doom too plain I see.
 A noble peer this morning came,
 And pray'd me to accept his flame;
 With ardour not to be express'd
 He shew'd the passion of his breast,
 With eloquence and manly grace
 Display'd the fervor of his case;
 All prostrate at my feet he fell,
 His every wish to me did tell.
 But I before by thee subdu'd
 Look'd on his actions all as rude,
 And yet his pain might pity move
 If ought but thee I could approve:
 With eager speed from him I run,
 And all thy sex I strive to shun,
 Since none can e'er thy place supply,
 For thee I liv'd, for thee will die.
 But tell me first where art thou fled?
 To what more happy fair art led?
 To whom thou gav'st what I have lost,
 For which my life I would exhaust,

For

For that's my least, my slightest care,
 The balm is gone that life should cheer,
 In thee I've lost a richer store
 Than ever mortal lost before.
 In thee possess'd I all my bliss,
 And every sweet sound in thy kiss;
 Thy breath was scented with delight,
 And all was pleasure at thy sight;
 Thy ev'ry glance shot thro' my soul;
 Thy single nod could me controul;
 Thy dear-commanding power was such,
 Not all I did I thought too much.
 Why art thou gone, Oh tell me why?
 That I my utmost skill may try
 To bring thee back to cheer my hours,
 To charm my drooping, dying powers:
 I call thee but thou wilt not hear,
 Nor to my plaintive tone give ear;
 But was there magic in its force,
 The world should tell me thy resource;
 The hills I'd charge, and list'ning grove,
 To usher forth heroic love;
 The valley too should catch the sound,
 And love's sweet eccho all rebound;
 Each silent tree should tell my flame,
 And in thy breast infuse the same;

With Spells I'd draw thee to my heart,
 And charm thee with my magic art ;
 The fairy train should all appear,
 And strive thy every wish to chear,
 All drest in richest robes of gold,
 And every treasure should unfold ;
 Each nymph with grace should tread the maze,
 And on their beauty thou shouldst gaze ;
 Enchanting music should be play'd
 By the most lovely, handsome maid ;
 And thou I'd place on LOVE's high car,
 And at thy feet the God of war,
 And in thy hand a wreath of flowers
 More fragrant than the blooming Bowers ;
 Thy head with honours should be crown'd,
 Thy vest the richest could be found,
 I'd make each beauty, love and grace,
 Augment the grandeur of the place ;
 Fountains should flow with nectar'd dew,
 While I the Feast prepare for you ;
 And all thy passion I'd excite,
 Zephyrs should fan thee with delight ;
 'Till pleasure crowns our strongest sense,
 And we might love without offence.
 But Oh ! enchantress I am none,
 Thou art lost and I'm undone ;

My

My throbbing heart is big with grief,
 Still thou deniest me all relief.
 I wring my hands and tear my hair,
 I'm rack'd and tortur'd with despair;
 My tresses much admir'd before.
 Shall ne'er adorn my temples more :
 Each lock in wild disorder lays,
 The emblem of my mind displays ;
 My richest robes neglected lay,
 They fade in friendly sympathy.
 My maid entreats, but all in vain,
 Her eager wish she would obtain,
 Prays me to dress and think no more,
 But be myself just as before.
 Yet Oh alas ! that cannot be,
 My ardent Wish is all for thee,
 And lesser things of course give place ;
 Nought can thy image e'er efface.
 What have I done, O tell me now,
 That thou hast broke thy sacred Vow ?
 Thro' all its bounds hast burst thy way ;
 Will nothing e'er thy rage allay ?
 If thou still breath'st my love return,
 So shall thy EMMA cease to mourn ;
 Or if thou canst not come to me,
 With eager steps I'll fly to thee.

Then pray distract my sense no more,
 But tell me all I thee implore ;
 Give me to know thy dear retreat,
 With every sweet I will thee greet ;
 For all my peace for thine I'd give,
 Let me but know that thou dost live,
 'Tis all I ask, but this bestow,
 So shalt thou ease my poignant woe.
 Why was I fram'd by nature fair ?
 Or why my heart didst thou ensnare ?
 To that I owe my present pain,
 Nor can I now my peace regain :
 My thoughts are wild, distracted all,
 My voice is lost, yet thee I call ;
 I call thee with my dying breath,
 And clasp thee in the shades of death :

But thou, my Love, art not to blame,
 'Tis I am chang'd, thou art the same ;
 I can no more thy fancy please,
 And thou no more canst bring me ease.
 My father much in haste is here,
 And bids me for the day prepare :
 Prepare for what ? Oh name it not !
 Let it for ever be forgot.
 Strait on my knees to him I fell,
 And all my soul to him did tell ;

But

But he unmov'd with wrath reply'd,
 " You wed to-day, for that provide."
 Then lo! a noble youth appear'd,
 All hearts but mine he might have chear'd;
 But mine so full with love for thee,
 The world combin'd can't set me free.
 From them I flew disorder'd much,
 And with my maid I counsel'd such,
 To leave my father in the night,
 The world to rove but for thy fight:
 My confident with me agreed;
 I from their power now am freed:
 Oh! could I but behold thy face,
 My grief would instantly give place:
 For now I wander all forlorn,
 To woods and groves I make my mourn,
 I tell my grief to hills and rocks,
 A cliff in friendly pity drops!
 If rocks can melt and stones give way,
 What should a tender lover say?
 Should he not wade thro' seas of blood,
 To do his constant fair one good?
 That task is mine; my love is such,
 I'll do it all, nor think it much;
 Name but the place of thy abode,
 Zephyrs shall guide me in the Road;

Eccho shall to my Ear rebound,
 The wind shall bring the charming sound,
 With speed I'll tread the flow'ry way,
 And all thy wish haste to obey.
 Thou wilt not name thy dear abode,
 Nor Zephyrs guide me in the road !
 Madness ! Confusion ! Where am I ?
 Oh * FIDDELL, help me or I die !
 Now lay me on my mother earth,
 For life to me is nothing worth ;
 Oh death ! infold me in thy arms,
 Thy meagre shade to me brings charms.
 Ah me ! behold, what do I see !
 My ravish'd heart ! 'tis he ! 'tis he !
 Come back my fleeting spirits all !
 My love has heard my ardent call !
 My joy's supreme ! My rapture's great !
 Immense delights thy presence wait.
 Seraphic Extasies I feel !
 My senses all begin to reel !
 Oh ! cruel death, one moment stay,
 Nor snatch me in the face of day ;
 Let me but take one kind adieu,
 And tell my love how much I'm true.

* FIDDELL, the Name of the Maid.

My eye-sight fails, I see him not ;
 Tell him he never was forgot ;
 Tell him, for him I would have stay'd,
 But death hath all my strength allay'd :
 Tell him, when death has laid me low,
 I blame not him for all my woe :
 Hark, music soft allures my sense !
 And see, that angel calls me hence !
 I come ; farewell to all my love,
 In worlds unknown I go to rove :
 Darkness ! confusion ! where am I ?
 Where is my Love ? I die ! I die !
 Now let me clasp thee in my arms ;
 Oh cruel death ! thy dread alarms
 Has bound me fast within thy power,
 And all my strength thou dost devour.
 My memory Love, I thee implore ;
 My powers are fled, I can no more !

A moment stay, my charming wife !
 Thy EDWARD's here ; O spare her life !
 Ye powers divine that know my heart,
 Take not from me my better part !
 Am I return'd to see thee die ?
 To see thy form in ruin lie !

To see thee wreck'd in fight of land,
 And cannot lend a saving hand !
 For now thy bloom all fades apace,
 Lillies usurp the roses place ;
 Oh spare my eyes the shocking sight !
 I came thy virtue to requite.
 Hence tyrant death, leave this dear frame,
 Perfection is her lawful name ;
 Hadst thou but eyes to see her face,
 Beauty would plead her piteous case ;
 Her features all with grace would plead,
 Thou wouldst not, couldst not strike her dead.
 But why do I complain to thee ?
 Thou hast not power to set her free.
 Angelick Form, here will I stay,
 And sigh my crime and life away ;
 And yet my crime was all for thee,
 I fled to keep my charmer free.
 Our fathers only were to blame,
 But they can never stain our fame ;
 Our love was of the purest kind,
 With holy rites we did it bind,
 And secret all our passion was,
 Till cruel fate divulg'd the cause.
 For ever cursed be that day
 That did our secret flame betray ;

That

That day which forc'd me from thy Sight,
 Let it for ever rest in night.
 And yet the day was not to blame,
 'Twas malice that proclaim'd the same.
 The Gods did envy me my joy,
 And therefore did our Sires annoy.
 But Oh alas ! my EMMA's dead,
 With her my happiness is fled.
 Forgive me Love, I lay thee here,
 A moment more my death is near ;
 Destruction, madness, deepest woe
 Now sink me down ; Where shall I go ?
 Oh where, to find a moment's ease,
 Or how thy shade shall I appease ?
 This instant death shall set me free ;
 My lovely wife I'll quick to thee.
 Ah ! but I leave thy form expos'd,
 Thy mouth not shut, thy eyes not clos'd ;
 Let me bestow each funeral rite,
 Then welcome everlasting night.
 May I presume thy hand to touch,
 Dear rapture great, it is too much !
 She breathes, and soft, her soul returns !
 Speak quick my life, thy husband mourns.
 My extasy supreme how great !
 Now every blessing on us wait !

Let

Let me this instant take thee hence,
 Nor give thee ever more offence ;
 Our happiness extreme is near.
 My love ! my life ! my husband here !
 Do I behold thee with my eyes ?
 Yes, yes, my love, let this suffice ;
 Now give not way to all thy joy,
 Lest transport should thy strength annoy ;
 Let's hence for England, there you'll find
 Substantial bliss and freedom join'd ;
 And see, my chaise now waits thy will,
 Thy every wish I will fullfil.
 Conduct me to the happy lands
 Where Reason rules and Right commands ;
 There every comfort we shall share,
 Thanks to the gods for all their care.

Adieu to country, kindred, all ;
 Now Edward's come, the glorious call
 I will obey ; fathers farewell,
 Our liberty you shall not sell.

Now Emma lives in Edward's smiles,
 Adieu to France with all her wiles !
 Kind Neptune ! now propitious prove,
 While on the sea our bark does move ;

Conduct

Conduct us safe to the domains
Of Britain's king, where Glory reigns !
There vile Oppression lives no more,
But all with joy their King adore !
For when we tread on England's ground,
That blessed land for good renown'd,
Our souls will feel a mutual ease,
No horrid customs there can tease.
The dread of cloysters, caves and cells
We leave behind, terrestrial hells !
No force can tear my Love from me,
'Tis there alone we can be free.

Dear Edward ! now our joy's compleat ;
Transcendent blessings on us wait !
I see the wish'd for port is near,
And now we land ! Adieu to fear.

Lov'd Edward, welcome to this shore,
Here cruel Fate shall frown no more ;
In noble Freedom now we breathe,
The Gods to us do bliss bequeath !

Sweet Emma, now take the reward
For all thy virtuous, kind regard ;

Per-

Perfections center in thy mind,
 In thee thy sex's charms I find :
 Let every tongue proclaim thy praise,
 Bright Virtue shines in all thy ways ;
 O matchless Emma ! words are faint,
 I cannot half thy merits paint :
 Tumultuous rapture fills my heart,
 Thy merits great such bliss impart !
 In joy supreme each sense is led,
 The pow'r of speech from me is fled !

Edward, no more, thy bounty's such,
 The praise you give me is too much ;
 But I would sacrifice my life
 To live and die thy constant wife.

Ye blooming fair that read my fate,
 Stay for your Edward, tho' 'tis late ;
 For when he comes he'll then repay
 Your patience for a long delay :
 Now I am blest beyond compare,
 Since Edward's mine, my only care
 Shall be to keep him so for life ;
 Do you the same, ne'er think of Strife ;
 Marriage will then be quite the taste,
 And ALL will wed, not part, in HASTE.

Critic,

Critic, methinks I hear you say,
“ Madam, set off some other way ;
“ And when you mean to shew your taste,
“ Pray don’t begin and end with HASTE.”





A
P O E M,

Occasioned by the

BRIGHTNESS of the MORN.

Displayed in a Volatile Train of IDEAS.

By a young L A D Y.

NOW Phœbus fills his throne above,
And kindly sheds his beams below,
His rays are messengers to love
If you agree to make them so.

The dews superfluous that rest,
When Earth has drank her wonted fill,
His beams he makes with each contest
To sip it up with eager skill.

'Tis

'Tis now he drinks the pearly dew,
Each ray his servant takes his part,
And thus the earth is dry'd for you,
Lest you by damp should feel some smart.

Then rise betimes, enjoy the Morn,
The fragrant breeze affords delight,
Phœbus ! each mountain's top adorn,
And mix thy gold with azure bright !

Thy various shades spread round the land,
And let us see thy beauties all,
On us thy glory now expand :
Phœbus has heard my ardent call !

Triumphant splendour he exhales,
His thirst is laid by Heaven's dew,
And every heart his sight regales,
His lustr'd beams are shed for you !

Come, haste each graceful nymph to bless,
Nor waste your time in slothful ease ;
Let every youth his flame confess,
And strive his beauteous fair to please.

Then

Then shall each virgin, chaste and fair,
 With noble confidence and love,
 With ev'ry eager step repair
 To meet the youth she doth approve.

Then take a morning healthful walk,
 And each conversing with her friend,
 Of Nature's beauty then you'll talk,
 So shall your thoughts together blend.

For now each plant a verdure wears,
 With dew refresh'd they raise each head,
 The Earth's enrich'd by Heaven's tears,
 And Nature smiles where'er you tread.

The fragrant morn invites you all,
 Then haste her summons to obey,
 The lark and linnet jointly call,
 They tune their notes, proclaiming day.

Each pretty warbler greets the morn,
 And glad to see the day appear,
 Each yielding spray they do adorn,
 Each voice mounts up to Heaven clear.

Melodious

Melodious harmony they make,
 Their offering to the God divine ;
 Oh slothful man ! come haste, awake,
 Let Contemplation fill thy mind !

For Contemplation's pleasing theme
 Both charms the sense, and feeds the soul,
 It is a pleasing heave'nly dream
 That makes us long to know the whole.

When'er I take a walk, I think
 How Nature doth her strength display ;
 How chains of beings here do link ;
 Then next reflect on night and day.

I love to view and gaze on-all,
 'Till admiration fills my mind ;
 Then to the God of nature call,
 And all my sense in rapture find !

Then down I sit and speculate,
 I view Creation's glorious plan !
 All discontent my mind doth hate,
 And Nature's beauteous maze I scan.

* 'Tis kindness great, unequal'd love !
Our every feel a God doth prove ;
This is so obvious, all must own,
That he is King, and reigns alone.

Inspire my muse with light divine,
Thy lustre give, so shall it shine !
Permit me not from Truth to stray,
But guide me in that brilliant way !

Oh Majesty Supreme on high !
My theme would greet Thee in the sky !
Correct my thoughts, refine them all !
Great Lord of Worlds, on Thee I call !

Teach me my thoughts just to display,
I'll offer Thee the grateful lay !
Could I this instant but express
What now I feel, I would confess !

* As the simplicity of the stile will easily prove this to be an extemporary Poem, I hope that will apologize for this alteration of the consonancy of the verse.

I'd write it with a pen of gold,
And all thy beauty would unfold !
But Thou, in pity to our case,
Hast veil'd the lustre of thy face !

For were our mortal eyes to view
Thy glories all, how great and new !
The dazling sight would strike us blind,
If half thy beauties ever shin'd !

Then when I look beneath the Sun,
And view this world, how 'twas begun,
How out of nothing all took Place,
My soul is fill'd with love and grace !

In every plant, in every tree,
A God Supreme in all I see ;
Seraphic joy fleets to my soul,
And adoration crowns the whole !

Atheist now haste thy God to find !
Let Fires Divine exalt thy mind !
Come taste the joys that me inspire,
That both may God alike admire.

Let elevated thoughts arise,
 Let all to him give up the praise ;
 To God alone the praise is due,
 This world He made for us and you.

If any Atheists yet there be,
 Let speculation set them free ;
 Come penetrate Creation's plan,
 Adore your God, the God of man.

For sure, did they but view the land,
 Nature and Beauty would command
 Their minds to open at the sight,
 And soon they'd see the heavenly light.

Dear Contemplation, ever sweet !
 Thy healing balm my soul doth greet ;
 O priv'lege grand, enjoy'd by man !
 Then let's indulge the glorious plan.

When Meditation fills my soul,
 I see perfection thro' the whole,
 The lovely order does excite,
 And fill my mind with rich delight !

Each

Each season has some beauty new,
And thus the scene is chang'd for you ;
They vary in their yearly course,
Yet all obey the heav'nly force.

The sun displays its golden rays,
And to this earth its heat conveys,
But when too bountiful in pow'r,
How kindly falls the cooling show'r!

The whole of vegetation thrives
From this kind present of the skies ;
All Nature smiles, and grateful Earth
Yields forth her fruits of genial birth.

Plants instant glow with beauty new,
Then rear their heads that you may view
How grateful they to Heaven are,
And gladly thank her for her care.

The rains are past, the earth is dry,
Now on your garden cast an eye ——
Observe your trees, your fruits and flow'rs.
Behold your fragrant spreading bow'rs !

They all send forth a rich perfume,
And odorif'rous is each bloom ;
The grateful scent allures each sense !
Then taste the sweets that issue hence.

Here with your chosen fair-one strole,
Let Virtue all your thoughts controul ;
For now your sense is charm'd with sweets,
And joy refin'd each passion greets !

Now guide her to the shady grove,
Else to the resting, sweet alcove,
There sit you down and view the whole,
It will amuse and charm your soul.

And here instruct your lovely fair,
To form her mind should be your care,
Whilst she, the dear enquiring maid
Securely sits beneath the shade.

Here shall your heart such pleasure find,
As Fancy pictures to the mind,
When all our wish we would obtain,
Discarding Vice's odious train.

Here

Fountains augment the charming view,
 Displaying brilliant springs anew :
 Quitting with joy their close confine,
 With eager speed some stream to join.

All Nature's beauty speaks a God,
 Fulfil his law, obey his nod ;
 Pleasure will always bless the pair
 Who trust to his Almighty care.





P O E M

T H E

T H I R D.

ON the enchanting, pleasing theme,
I would for ever write or dream ;
The theme of Love, platonic joy,
On this my soul would never cloy.

Mistake me not, I mean such love
As gods with rapture might approve,
A sympathetic friendly flame,
Such as I might not blush to name.

I'd

I'd chuse some well-bred man of sense,
From that my love must first commence ;
I'd have his person tall, genteel,
A fine address, and wit at will.

His judgment clear, his manner bold,
And all enchanting to behold,
Still quite refin'd and full of love,
His soul must sometimes soar above.

In sentiment he must abound ;
And hath he ever been renown'd ?
It must be for some deed of fame,
That adds a lustre to his name.

To God his zeal must first be known,
Then to his King it must be shewn ;
And next in his esteem must be
Without a female rival ——— ME.

To find his wish should be my care,
His gloomy thoughts I'd strive to chear ;
I'd sacrifice my all to please,
To make his life one scene of ease :

And

And penetrate his inmost soul,
 His feintest signs should me controul ;
 I then should find his grand desire,
 Then bring him all he would require.

Domestic sweets should fill our mind,
 We extacies supreme should find ;
 In conversation always free,
 And he my constant guide should be.

To his superior sense I'd yield,
 His judgment clear should be my shield,
 He should direct, whilst I'd submit,
 And all his fancies strive to hit.

For all allow, I think 'tis true,
 You men have whim and caprice too ;
 And why not, pray, dear madam prude ?
 I love a whim when 'tis not rude :

A little nonsense taken right,
 Tickles the fancy with delight.
 Come then ye laughter-loving dames,
 Who gaily trip — I shan't write names :

To

To C——n——lys, at every ball,
Where true-taste, whim, caprice, and all,
Kindly attends your slightest call.

}

Indulge your spouse, your chosen man,
His trifling foibles never scan;
Give him his way, your own's secure,
And all your actions must be pure.

Sure this would be a scene of joy,
Where nothing could your peace annoy;
An earthly bliss known but to few,
Yet wish that bliss to self and you.

By turns I would invoke each muse
To lend me aid, should one refuse
The other might compassion take,
And give me some for Hymen's sake.

Soft harmony should charm his ear,
Refine his thoughts, destroy his fear;
Enchant his soul, secure his heart
From the blind archer's second dart.

Should

Should he grow faint with dying sounds
And dear Piano, quick rebounds
The room with lovely, sprightly airs,
Gloom is dispell'd, and all his cares.

The next to feast his eager eye,
My ev'ry skill by turns I'd try ;
The pencil, needle, all should move,
To glad the hours of him I love.

Sometimes I'd dance, sing, play and toy,
Sometimes be free, at others coy.
To hit his humour, that's the thing,
Which wreaths with peace the nuptial ring.

But some will cry, " Good-natur'd fool,
" Heavens ! how smells her musty rule ;
" Fly Sally, quick, sweet waters bring,
" I'll read no more, Platonic Thing."

I'm loosing time, I'll hear no more,
You know I must be out at four ;
I dine at Lady Rantum's, true,
And, as I live, 'tis striking two.

I must

I must to toilet strait. — Prepare
My silver suit for present wear :
My best point ruffles I shall want,
I must outshine my lady Cant ;

She will be there for very spight ;
And, let me see, where then to night ?
The Opera claims my first resort,
And next, Soho — that brilliant court !

There luxury of sight conspires
To feast our fancy's full desires:
What can surpass that glorious treat,
Where beauties all with splendor meet ;

And grandeur's so display'd, you'd swear
That gods and goddesses were there,
And they alone ! — 'tis rapture all ;
And, apropos, I ope the ball

This very night with that dear man,
The earl of sweets on fashions plan,
A more complete fine gentleman
Ne'er grac'd this isle ! — Haste, Sally, haste,
Hand me the rouge and almond paste ;

My

My best complexion I must wear ;
Hold up the glass : How set's my hair ?
I vow you're most exceeding fair !

Nor can my Lady W—lg—ve vie
With your engaging air : that eye
Which sparkles with a lively grace,
Becoming Lady Mary's face.

Go to, you flatter me I fear ;
Not I, my Lady, I declare :
But see who's that come in below,
Madam, 'tis Lady Betty — Go

Conduct her Ladyship up stairs —
What ! Lady Betty, all in tears !
Good Gods ! my dear, what makes you weep ?
Is it because you play'd so deep ?

I think you lost a thousand pounds,
That game at Loo exceeds all bounds.
Last night you held most shocking cards,
Yet still your betts were very large:

Heroines,

Heroines, like you, ne'er give out,
I never play at any rout :
Indeed I've something else to do,
I love to chat; and pray don't you?

No, I forgot, you are the prude,
You hate coquetry; fie, 'tis rude :
Nay, why that blush? your Lord is true;
But, if he is, 'tis something new!

Few men, I think, now love their wives,
My Lord and I, we live such lives,
But for this round of dear delight,
I soon should grow a very fright.

But Lady Mary do advise,
What shall I do this sum to raise?
You know I lost it to that Lord,
That very man whom I abhorr'd:

And, would you think, when I came out,
I met him in the hall — such rout
He made; begg'd I would stay,
Something of moment had to say;

No

No mention made of his demand,
But instant seiz'd my trembling hand :
Made me exclaim with such a rage,
My Lord came in, they both engage.

Horror and sadness seiz'd my heart,
I knew not how to act my part ;
But rung the bell ; then flew to you,
And now I'm here, what shall I do ?

Oh ! let 'em fight, ne'er fret or pine,
You'll pardon me, at four I dine.
Sally, go see if all below ——
Another knock, well ! I must go :

Madam, a message from your Lord,
For Lady Betty on my word ;
I cannot stay, but the event
I hope will make you all content.

Your Ladyship won't think me rude,
Dear Madam, no, 'tis I intrude.
No formal compliments —— I say
Adieu : peruse your card I pray.

Now

Now, Sally, bid them ope the chair,
And when my Lord returns : d'ye hear —
Tell him I spend the evening out,
Which, as you know, will make him pout ;

But that, in fact, is nothing strange,
He loves his house — I love to range.
Chairmen, make haste, my Lady's here ;
St. James's, John, I'm late I fear.

Too many in superior life,
'Thro' negligence create such strife :
Domestic sweets they never know,
Their home is irksome, out they go :

Not that I rail, far be't from me,
I wish that all their faults would see ;
I'm not so vain as to instruct,
It is myself I would conduct.

I'd summon every loving art,
To keep possession of his heart :
Ever inventing something new,
For all love change ; in faith 'tis true.

This will amuse and entertain ;
 Mistake me not — I do not mean
 Inconstancy of Virtue's law ;
 Forbid it, Heaven ! such a flaw

Would taint my soul, destroy my peace,
 Make sweet connubial joy to cease :
 If but my secret mind alone
 Only was conscious of the wrong

That would suffice, I could not know
 The least delight ; most wretched — go —
 My very sweets would serve to sour,
 I ne'er could taste a blissful hour :

For should my too credulous love,
 Suspecting not, ne'er disapprove,
 His trusting faith would then arraign
 My perjur'd heart : ——— internal pain

Would gall my soul for foulest crimes ;
 It must not be : in these our times
 Fair Chastity's approv'd by all,
 With her in view we cannot fall.

Her

Her bright examples females love,
 'Tis only men that disapprove :
 Proud of their own superior pow'rs,
 They'd vainly lord it over ours ;

Deny us freedom, right of sway,
 Ladies stand firm, we'll win the day :
 Only observe this single rule,
 Ne'er contradict the selfish fool ;

But let him have full scope to prate,
 He'll sure incur true judgment's hate ;
 For his own jargon best betrays
 His want of sense in all he says.

Refuse our charter, privilege great ;
 'Tis true, we act not in the state ;
 What need of that, we give advice,
 Not to the senate, we're more nice :

They are but deputies we controul,
 Our husbands, statesmen, thro' the whole :
 And shall we fail to gain applause
 In Matrimonial's glorious cause.

Forbid it Equity and Love,
Forbid it all ye pow'rs above ;
Hymen shall smile in Virtue's flame,
Or forfeit all pretence to fame.

Exert your skill, compleat the plan,
Least ought perplex the charming man ;
All must allure, be pliant, sweet,
Your house and fam'ly ever neat.

Before you dine, be sure you dress,
And from indulgence ne'er transgress ;
For should the good man say 'twill do,
Since there is none but me and you —

With tender words make quick reply,
“ For you I'd live, for you I'd die,
“ You'll find me ready to obey,
“ I never, never will say nay.”

Nay, 'tis so strange, some folks run on,
And yet foundation they have none. —
As this at present seems my case,
I'll stop to seek a better grace. —

A WISH.



A

W I S H.

COULD I my ardent Wish obtain,
 The world from Fraud I would restrain;
 Virtue should guide each daring act,
 I'd have all keep this rule exact;
 From Honour's bounds never to stray,
 Let Reason reign, Passion give way;
 Calmness and Peace shall fill each mind,
 And all their Wish in Virtue find;
 The world I'd join in general love,
 All should each other's deeds approve;
 The panegyric Strain would flow,
 Henceforth should cease all poignant woe:
 Nations in peace would all abound,
 This age for Worth should be renown'd.
 The miser, with his meager look,
 Should drink his wine and leave the brook.

And every good his soul would chear,
 While he his gold gives to his heir ;
 His heaps of gold lock'd up before,
 He did with ardent zeal adore,
 Shall then spread plenty round the land,
 When he his bounty doth expand ;
 The good he doth will charm his mind,
 And every pleasure he shall find ;
 His bounty must the widow chear,
 The orphan too would be his care :
 Should death then dart his arrow keen,
 His exit would be made serene ;
 No conscious guilt will sting his soul,
 No horror will his thoughts controul ;
 His soul exalted then will be,
 When every scene from guilt is free.
 O happy state ! O scene of bliss !
 Let all indulge their thoughts on this.
 Sweet state of innocence and love ;
 When Virtue can our deeds approve,
 Did we but take a moment's time,
 Each passion we should soon refine,
 Reason would use her pow'ful skill,
 And Passion govern at her will ,
 I wish that all would think aright,
 Let Wisdom strengthen with her might,

This

This life a scene of joy would be,
 And we from bondage shou'd be free ;
 Each prejudice would then give place,
 Virtue would Vice from all men chase.
 O purity of age arrive !
 T' accomplish which, now let us strive ;
 Would you have Virtue bear the sway,
 Impetuous burnings must give way ;
 See ! she presents her cooling bower,
 Within my breast I feel her power,
 A train of thoughts now fill my soul,
 Now Reason doth each sense controul ;
 Sweet Peace dawns in, and all my frame
 Is tranquil, free from Guilt or Shame.
 Teach us, O Lord, to act thy will,
 And all thy order to fulfil ;
 Infuse thy mercy in each heart,
 That we may act a nobler part ;
 Let Truth and Light improve each mind,
 And Bliss substantial we shall find ;
 Now let us seek, both great and small,
 The dear tranquility of all.
 Should any say, " This is too much
 (The narrow mind that thinks it such)
 " For earthly mortals to enjoy,"
 May stop and not his senses cloy.

And some would say, " Liv'd we in this,
 " Possess'd we all our ardent Wish,
 " The thought of death would be a pain
 " To all that had this peaceful reign."
 That I deny, it cannot be ;
 For one that has his reason free
 May plainly see, and comprehend,
 From God all blessings do descend :
 Then why should we presume or dare,
 Because on earth sweet peace we share,
 To doubt the mighty Giver's pow'r,
 Or think that death would this devour ?
 The Lord Supreme invites us all,
 With joy obey his glorious call ;
 Will you not come ? you are to blame,
 To peace and love you have a claim ;
 Let Deeds of glory you excite,
 Then come, accept your lawful right ;
 Come young, come old, come rich and poor,
 Come all the world, one God adore !
 Let honour guide your every thought,
 Virtue can ne'er be sold or bought ;
 Let all support this glorious cause,
 Humanity's specific laws :
 Self-approbation must be found,
 For should the world our praise resound,
That

That will not give us peace or joy,
 If aught within our minds annoy.
 Let Happiness each bosom fill,
 Let Truth divine conduct each will ;
 So shall you live and die in love
 When you your actions can approve.
 This is my zealous, grand desire,
 That all the world would this acquire ;
 To live in unity and love,
 And Him adore, who reigns above !





V E R S E S

O C C A S I O N E D

By a Lady's Reprimanding her Husband for giving Way to PASSION, which so far discomposed him at Times, that he would, in his Rage, burst out into Expressions that lessened his other good Qualities.

Wrote by HIMSELF.

Reflection strikes when objects are remov'd,
Thanks to your kindness that my fault's
reprov'd:

Just was your censure, which you ne'er refrain
To curb those habits which are stil'd profane:

A glo-

A glorious merit ! worthy of applause,
To chide mankind, who swerve from God's
strict laws ;

Who boast of merit in their favourite ills,
And yield to Passion and unruly wills ;
Form'd for all good, deserving of all fame,
Who knows that merit which you cannot claim:
Urg'd on by principles of godly birth,
Your wish extends to piety on earth.
You'll feed no passion that inclines to feign,
Your deeds centre in a nobler strain.

Such are the virtues which exist in you,
I'll state my actions and keep yours in view.

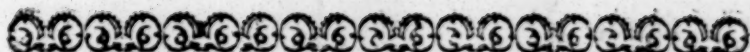
Passion and warmth revolve thro' all my veins,
I want your prudence to conduct my reins ;
Wishes and vows too oft my rage attend,
Yet mean no wish, but yours, which is to mend.
The sums I lavish in a profuse way,
You to the cries of Poverty convey ;
And with a sympathetic soul, and mind,
Extend your charity to all mankind.
Thoughts of indifference usurp my time,
Yours are employ'd in reverence divine :

In

In paying homage where respect is due,
 Oh ! that I cherish'd what I see in you !
 Perfections many grace your much lov'd name,
 Unlike the failings which obstruct my fame.

Yet in the midst of imperfections great,
 Vices there are which I detest and hate ;
 Pride does not reign within a gen'rous breast,
 I call my own such, which will bear the test :
 Revenge exists not in a temper mild,
 I'd fall a victim 'ere I'd hurt a child :
 An honest principle I much admire,
 And hate that man who makes his soul a Liar,





A

P O E M

A D D R E S S E D

To a young LADY, who having resided in a Convent Abroad only one Year, as a Protestant Pensioner, yet on her Return to England expressed a great Desire to embrace the CATHOLIC FAITH.

WElcome, my friend, I greet you to this isle,
Our native spot; here Liberty will smile:
After confinement twelve long tedious moons,
A double bliss to all your sense she tunes.
Your absence oft I have regret indeed,
And dropt a tear as vestals drop a bead;

At

At morning, noon, and night, still mourn'd the
same,

Thy dear converse 'twas that my mind did claim,
I could not have — incessant was my grief,
Again return'd, your presence brings relief.
Welcome, thrice welcome, to my longing eye,
I joy to see, yet hear thee with a sigh ;
Dearest companion of my earliest youth,
The same nurse fed us, and the same our truth :
We've breath'd asunder only one short year,
That must not, shall not cause distraction near
We, who have liv'd in harmony of thought,
Whole circling years, not one has discord brought.
Our sentiments the same, the same our will,
Sweet Concord reign'd with an unerring skill.
Now must not jar, but follow friendship's law,
I know you tremble at a single flaw
By you committed 'gainst the light of truth,
So much I've seen your steadiness thro' youth.
Can you prefer the solitary cell
To social converse, which delight so well,
'That vestal nuns, could they but freedom taste,
I'm sure they would not convents chuse in haste.
Say, cloister'd fair, if you enjoy content,
Say, virgins pure, does not your mind relent :

Declare

Declare the truth, can Happiness be found,
 And sweet Content preside on cloister'd ground?
 Debarr'd of darling Freedom, Nature's right,
 Condemn'd to gloomy cells, where irksome night
 Almost prevails, in spite of Sol's display,
 Your tow'ring walls excludes his searching ray.
 Imprison'd young, not only body's pains,
 Your very minds must feel your priestcraft's
 chains.

Sure godlike Reason must be lull'd asleep,
 Or Nature's law such limits would not keep:
 Chains of the mind! what thinking soul can
 bear!

Form'd by a God, supported by his care:
 Plac'd in this world to propagate the land,
 Subvert not the wise, the just command.
 Rous'd at a midnight hour, by call of bell,
 Sleep must be murder'd — why? your beads to
 tell.

At this still hour how oft have vestals rose,
 When earth and heaven seem'd wrap'd in soft
 repose:

The sable curtain shields Creation's face,
 And every day to solemn night gives place.
 Then why should you alone be rest deny'd?
 Why should you err to feed a popish pride?

I will

I will not rail : no, by the faith I own,
 I love Religion's law, but not her groan :
 Love to support fair Justice in her scale,
 Love precise practice, Virtue's all I hail ;
 But will not, dare not, make a public shew
 Of foul pretence, to gain applause below.
 Thanks to my stars, I feel my soul disdains
 To curb my Reason, tho' for proffer'd gains.
 Then S—t—r urge not that you will abjure,
 The name is Cr—nm—r that should plead your
 cure.

Turn back to records, there's a bloody scene,
 Our good old Bishops murder'd by their Queen.
 This Queen a Roman, bigotted to wrong,
 Condemn'd old Cranmer 'cause he left her throng.
 See him in flames, exulting in his death,
 His faith supporting with his latest breath :
 Torture not then his honour'd name anew,
 Imagination paints him to my view :
 Declaring thus, quit not the Living God,
 Reason forbids, obey her sacred nod.
 This Rome well knew, and therefore stil'd it sin
 For ignorant minds to ask, or look within :
 The church of Rome, from long despotic sway,
 Silence inforc'd, lest Reason should say nay.

Conscious

Conscious of wrong, she bids you not inquire,
But tamely act in all with her desire.

I've ask'd some Romans how they can believe
In superstitions which their minds deceive:
They answer, 'tis the order of the church,
Then cross their breasts; nor see the ills that
lurch

Behind so fair a face, so deck'd with gold,
* Gorg'd with precious treasure, better if fold.
Deluded mortals, willing chains to wear,
If dup'd yourself's intice, not others there.
Use not your art t' enslave each tender mind,
Sent for improvement by their parents blind:
Unkind protectors of your offspring's peace,
'To put your children, young, in convents cease;
For there they cannot judge of truth or right,
Whose studies only to amuse their sight.

* The Roman Catholics always adorn their altars and churches with treasure; if the poor drop down dead for want, 'tis with them sacrilege to remove or neglect that ornament. Let all compare this custom with ours; if our poor groan under affliction, their wants are no sooner made known, but the Church is ready to relieve them; as we (instead of laying our money out in useless baubles) wisely lay it up to relieve the distressed in time of need: witness the late sums that almost every parish has charitably given for their redress.

With shining baubles, relics of a saint,
 Each infant's innocence their errors taint;
 With superstition of the oddest kind,
 They cloud fair reason, make their pupils blind.
 Nay farther still, they think, believe, affirm,
 That God they serve, while thus they do you
 harm.

O! how I pity such an abject state,
 An infant prisoner, shut within a grate;
 Whose lock'd-up minds demand our greatest care,
 By bright example to instruct them fair.
 What tho' you urge your fortune's being small,
 You cannot educate them here in all;
 Better in part, than wholly to neglect;
 Teach moral precepts, this can ne'er deject.
 Dispense with French, your pride must e'en give
 way,

Ground well their faith, permit them not to stray.
 Knowledge must grow, when planted in the
 spring,

Virtue its issue, ignorance make us sin.
 My dearest maid, examine scripture thro',
 Let Gospel Light instruct your mind anew.
 Peruse with care, say Bigotry avaunt;
 Let no impressions of the convent haunt

Your

Your virtuous mind — when Reason rules the
 whole,
 Impartial judgment must inform your soul;
 That bright Religion never was confin'd
 To name or place, but lives within the mind:
 Springs into practice, urg'd by Reason's force,
 Internal goodness must shine out of course.
 In social virtues here we cannot err,
 Morality our guide — this I prefer
 Beyond the greatest actions of those saints
 Who pilgrimage whole years, till Nature faints.
 What madness this, fair Nature waging war
 'Gainst her own standard; comforts all debar
 From aged life — when every sense forbids,
 Virtue will cherish, not deject — she heeds
 Our wants, and willingly affords redress,
 Smiling approves, when ease our minds possess.
 Her altars breathe felicity below,
 Nor does she order or delight in woe:
 Her shrine is brightness, diction very clear;
 Ask and we have, in faith we cannot fear.
 What shall I urge, what more can friendship say,
 My fondest hope I would not have you stray:
 Wait yet awhile, and view creation's plan,
 Inspect with care, not negligently scan:

Unlimited perfection here you'll find,
 Instruction certain to th' inquiring mind :
 You'll glean the sweets of wholecreation's bow'r,
 Then wonder and extol Directing Power.
 If, after this, you still should be inclin'd
 T' embrace that faith which keeps your Reason
 blind,
 Your will is free, I will no more oppose ;
 But Friendship urg'd I should my thoughts dis-
 close :
 This being done, I leave you to resign
 Yourself to God ; for his true power Divine,
 Alone must guide your erring feet aright,
 Bewilder'd all without his heavenly light.

Let none imagine I would e'er offend,
 Or with disputing subjects ever blend
 My thoughts, abstracted from tumult'ous jarr;
 I love tranquillity, but won't debar
 Others of choice : nor put the least restraint,
 On Nature's dignity, or check one saint :
 Let all enjoy their privilege of right,
 'Tis not for me to curb their fond delight.
 If no infringements on our peace they make,
 What plea have we to wish them to forsake

The

The thing on earth they long but to enjoy,
 Which, if indulg'd, will not our bliss destroy.
 This well you know, I need not more explain,
 'Tis for your welfare, which I'd fain obtain
 At the expence of losing half my own :
 I cannot reconcile a single groan
 By you breath'd forth ; from sympathy I feel
 Each ill that threatens to obstruct your will.
 Oh ! may you taste of infinite delight,
 May social comforts in thy breast unite :
 This will increase felicity in mine,
 For all my wish is riveted to thine.
 I hope you will, convinc'd by truth divine,
 I know your heart to goodness does incline :
 Nor can I charge you with a single fault,
 Your prudent conduct must your worth exalt ;
 Renders you dear to me as my own fame,
 Your happiness is mine, your grief the same.
 And can you wonder then that thus I write,
 I would exhaust my health to keep you right :
 Yes, I declare, so high I rank your worth,
 I prize your friendship more than aught on earth.
 Because I know that you possess a mind,
 So affable, so condescending, kind,
 Search nations o'er your equal where to find.

In sickness, change, in trouble or distress,
 Your love augments, but never can be less :
 Unlike the boasting, false, pretending friend,
 Who vainly proffers what he will not lend ;
 Incessantly declares his strong desire .
 To give assistance ; but should need require
 The smallest favour more than bare professions,
 Neglect ensues—Wants are great transgressions !
 Too oft in life these instances we have,
 I love to check the loud proclaiming knave :
 This is my maxim ; when I hear them swear
 How much they long to serve one, then declare
 On all occasions you shall surely find
 In them a friend, just, ready, firm, and kind :
 With great attention silently I stand,
 Then interrupt, with, Sir, your willing hand
 Has pow'r to serve me in a trivial cause,
 He starts, looks big, the issue is — a pause.
 At length recovers — Madam, name your suit,
 Shall gladly lend my aid if I can do't .
 Pulls out his watch ; blefs me 'tis very late,
 And I'm engag'd with two old maids I hate !
 Then looks about, remarks your house is grand ;
 Takes up a book, or any thing at hand.
 Still is confus'd — then was you at the play ?
 A poor resource — he's nothing else to say :
Chagrin'd

Chagrin'd to death, least farther you explain
The thing, but hinting which has caus'd such
pain.

My view's obtain'd in thwarting his design
Of making foul pretence at any time ;
At least to me. Finding it would not do,
While I with peals of laughter thus be true :
Learn to distinguish, as I just have done,
Nor think that empty sounds alone has won
One honest heart — it may the fool deceive ;
Actions with sounds must plead 'ere I believe.
Thus, quell'd in embryo, be the forward slave,
Whose venial views would noble minds deprave.
False friendship sure will always breed disgust,
If, too credulous, we our secrets trust.
But my Maria's innocence is such,
Suspicion has not power her mind to touch.
Who would have thought, I've heard you oft
declaim,

When foul detraction would eclipse a fame,
That Virtue, so defended, thus should fall !
Perhaps it is not so, your words recal :
Thy great delight consists in acting well —
Your fervent zeal for good I would not quell.
No, rather spur, assist, and urge you on,
Were I convinc'd that Romans were not wrong.

But, as it is, I cannot lend you aid,
 Internal light forbids, my much lov'd maid :
 For speculation has inform'd my mind,
 That scanty rules must not our will confine.
 No, free as air, unbounded as the sea
 Is Reason's force, she will not let us stray:
 If we attend her sacred best advice,
 Not tamely copy others, who're so nice,
 So passively dispos'd, they ne'er consult
 If right or wrong, nor think of the result.
 Why this or that is done, or for what end?
 It matters not to them; they cannot mend,
 Or make the least improvement; no not they,
 They follow others, 'tis their only play.
 Many exceptions, thank indulgent Heaven,
 We still can make, which our own age has
 given:

Instructing minds we boast in this our clime,
 Whose bright display inspires us with sublime.
 But least I say too much, and tire your sense,
 Must now refrain, I would not give offence:
 So leave you to determine at your will —
 Adieu, may gracious Heaven protect you still;
 Dispel your cloud of doubts with chearful rays,
 Make you declare with fervent zeal and praise,
 Protestantism faith shall be your bays.

O B S E R-



O B S E R V A T I O N S

O N

E T E R N I T Y.

Fathomless fountain, source of lasting good,
 Immortal spring, by all least understood :
 But for the secret workings of the soul,
 This longing after, which out-steps controul ;
 We might again to nothing be dissolv'd,
 Thus once I thought, thus in my mind revolv'd.
 But now the immortal stamp I plainly see,
 I feel its influence, Reason set me free.
 Oh ! for a Cato's energy of skill,
 An eloquence like his would fire my quill !

His

His wisdom, virtue, patriotic love,
 Gives him a lustre ages can't remove.
 Records present him loyal thro' the whole;
 Sooner than bear that Cæsar should controul:
 He quitted being rather than his place,
 Preferring death to Cæsar's proffer'd grace.
 Tho' rash the act, his motive merits praise,
 Since Gospel shone not in those pagan days.
 Tho' Time has eat up many hundred years
 Since Cato liv'd, yet here he still appears;
 With other heroes, famous in those times,
 When Mars intrag'd drove Peace from all their
 climes.

Whose steady zeal eternity shall know,
 For Fame's loud trumpet must their praises blow;
 Marc Antony's great power subdu'd the world,
 Whom Cleopatra to destruction hurl'd:
 Caught with her beauty, captivating power,
 He fondly dallies till the fatal hour:
 In soft embraces, willingly restrain'd,
 And negligently lost that world he'd gain'd.
 'Tis not for me to censure or approve,
 This must be left for ruling pow'rs above,
 Time's endless monument will speak those fair,
 Whose secret actions will inspection bear.

Hear

Hear then, ye infidels, since Reason's light
 Proves Immortality to inward sight :
 Vain is your sophistry, falacious breath :
 You cannot prove the soul must die, 'cause Death
 Destroys its habitation here below,
 Does that imply it can no farther go ?
 Th' enquiring mind feels its superior power,
 And lives assur'd of an eternal hour.
 Her confines vanish but to aid her flight,
 To rove at large in infinite delight.
 Glorious reward for virtues practis'd here,
 Believing this, of death we cannot fear.
 If moral system thus our conduct grace,
 Felicity immense we sure must taste ;
 The luscious banquet will not cloy the soul,
 To feed her raptures treasures new unrol.
 Knowledge divine, so pleasing to the mind,
 The more we have, the more we pant to find :
 But stop presuming strain, soar not too high,
 Let wisdom guide with her impartial eye ;
 By Reason's dictates, gracious muse abide,
 I cannot fall, that Goddess on my side.
 'Gainst clearest light of Nature's grand pretence,
 'Twere madness sure to give the least offence :
 To let foul pleasures vainly lead us wrong,
 With careless wantons join, a giddy throng,
Who

Who waste their genial years in rounds of mirth,
 'Till tir'd Nature longs to rest in earth.
 Still is deny'd by Passion's venial thirst,
 But tir'd quite, she's gladly friends with dust.
 Some late examples, but I will not quote ;
 Some fatal instances I shall not note,
 Have shar'd this fate, cropt in the bud of youth ;
 Forbear, my muse, this is a poignant truth :
 Parents still live, they must not feel fresh pain, }
 I would not wound to feed poetic strain, }
 For India's wealth, or any worldly gain.
 No, by my honour's faith ; I here declare,
 That Harmony's my wish, my constant care.
 Nay, farther still, I'd have all nations find,
 The sweets of concord, heavenly peace of mind :
 Nothing augments my pleasures more on earth,
 Than dear instruction from a friend of worth :
 In whose great souls true dignities exist,
 Internal brightness stands the immortal test.
 Fair Nature so triumphantly adorn'd,
 By Wisdom, Virtue, elegantly form'd,
 Ne'er sickens at herself, but stems the flood,
 Or patient waits the long expected good.
 What Prudence orders, gladly she obeys,
 No contradicting passion ever strays :

But

But if, perchance, some fond or wrong requests
Should interpose, by Prudence 'tis suppress'd :
Her power can quell each passion's head-strong
fway,

This Socrates fulfill'd in every way.
Altho' his feelings were extremely nice,
He always gave his pupils cool advice :
So wisely govern'd all his whole life thro'
That none his strongest passions ever knew ;
Till he himself declar'd, his greatest skill
Would but suffice to curb his erring will.
A mind like his heroically subdues,
And every conquest pleasingly he views :
Charm'd to the soul, his fortitude can bear
With fleeting changes, fraught with steady care,
A nought of those in this uncertain state,
Attend the greatest e'en among the great.
But what of that ? since wisdom wills it so,
No doubt 'tis best that man should changes
know.

Virtue his guide, let Fortune smile or frown,
He's sure to wear a rich immortal crown :
Tho' here defam'd by Envy's jealous strain,
To hide fair Truth detracting art is vain ;
Her essence pure proves her of source divine,
Celestial honours must attend her shrine.

Know

Know this, ye railers, pests to social love,
 Strive not to lessen what you should approve :
 But give applause when Merit claims your vote,
 Nor sicken at a genius you have not :
 Like some ignobly base, thro' false pretence
 Of seeming friendship, wound our nicest sense.
 It must not be ; shall fair creation's form,
 Wage war with Nature, willingly alarm :
 Forbid it Candour ; Gods, shall noble minds,
 Meanly subvert Humanity's designs.
 Some fatal error-fure must feed the cause,
 Make Reason weak to trample on her laws.
 Not in this age, so near perfection grown,
 That some there ancestors may blush to own.
 Come back my roving muse, where would'st thou
 stray ?

Oh ! quit me not, but give thy genial ray :
 Let strength of language grace my roving strain,
 And Virtue's diction all my lines contain.
 This is my aim, I write not to expose
 Some trivial foibles — nor will I oppose.
 Life is too short to waste it in abuse,
 Each moment I design for friendly use.
 Not that I mean, or would be understood
 To prove I'm better bred—that would be rude—
 Than

Than others are : all that I wish to say,
 I love Humanity, be that my lay,
 My humble strain ; no vanity foment ;
 Its spring is Nature — and the small contents —
 Is genuine all ; just as I think I write ;
 If any say, my notions are not right,
 Condemn me not, but softly tell me where,
 In what I'm wrong, I'll thank your zealous care.
 Superior judgment can my strains improve,
 I'll kiss the rod, should Reason disapprove.
 Each just reproof will surely be my gain,
 Ambitious always knowledge to obtain.
 Have oft been check'd in youth for this same
 fault,

As they have still'd it ; worth I'd fain exalt.
 Food for my mind, in preference to the world,
 I most esteem defying every churl :
 Nor can external lustre ever vie
 With this repast, feasting both mind and eye.
 The sumptuous treat will never glut our sense,
 Where beauties mix, nor know the least offence ;
 But all conspire to harmonize the whole ;
 This union reigns from India to the pole,
 Great Nature's beauty speaks her own applause,
 Her produce clearly shews, the glorious cause

Must

Must be divine, immortal, essence pure ;
 Convinc'd of this, how can we Vice endure,
 So prejudicial to our pleasures here,
 Filling the mind with terror, guilt, and fear.
 Destroying health and fortune, causing Death
 To stop fair Nature's course, seizing our breath;
 Before maturity has reach'd our sight,
 We are no more, but wrap'd in shades of night;
 There to remain, till the last gen'ral call
 Commands us back to give account for all.
 This is an awful thought, surpassing me,
 Yet still I live in surest hopes to see
 This solemn glorious sight, when heaven's King
 Will come in splendour, and glad tidings bring
 To such, whose conduct all their life has shewn,
 Premeditated wrong they have not known ;
 Have Vice abhorr'd, and every right adorn'd,
 Philosophy's bright diction, has inform'd
 Each thirsty soul, that giddy sense will stray,
 If not restrain'd by her specific sway :
 Her rules observ'd, a lasting peace is found,
 We conquer Death, and reach th' immortal ground.
 Tho' lock'd in earth for many hundred years,
 Again we live, devoid of mortal fears.
 This glorious fund for thought now feasts my soul,
 I must retire to contemplate the whole.



A N

E L E G Y

O N

Hearing that Mr. GARRICK and
Mrs. PRITCHARD intend to quit
the STAGE this Year.

THALIA, thou sprightly goddess, stop thy
course,

While Melpomene's order I inforce :

'Tis this — She bids you leave your airy flights,

Your momentary joys, fleeting delights :

Your brilliant wit, and magic powers to charm,

Must cease in part; this is the dread alarm.

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G

To

To join with her, a son and daughter mourn,
 Prepare the pile, and consecrate the urn ;
 Select a solemn band to grace the core
 With deepest sadness — Genius shines no more !
 No more for you, since Garrick quits the Stage,
 In all excelling, rival of the age :
 His matchless power can only be express'd
 By him alone, subduing every breast ;
 For all he pleas'd : perfections grace his name,
 Merit must place him foremost in her fame.
 Come mourn with her this gen'ral loss to all,
 The greatest ill that can your shrines befall :
 Who can, like him, sweeten our sadest hour,
 Steal to our hearts, and charm us with his pow'r
 Sorrow must vanish, laughter bear the sway,
 If so he wills, our passions must obey ;
 But should sublime claim his superior parts,
 With inexpressive bliss he feeds our hearts :
 'Tis transport all, too much for mortal force,
 His talents speak with energetic force.
 Our author, actor, every thing that's fine,
 In much-fam'd Garrick with delights combine.
 The muses fav'rite son, so rich in taste,
 That all applaud his eloquence ; that grace
 Which he presents in ev'ry part he plays,
 With unaffected majesty of ease.

The

The graceful Pritchard too, I hear retires,
 Withdraws her much admir'd theatric fires.
 A four-fold loss, since both have double skill,
 Doing great honour to each part they fill.
 Oh ! Drury, hang thy walls with fable straight,
 In solemn silence let the audience wait :
 And the big sorrow overflow the pit,
 Where Critics herd, condemning sterling wit.
 When the procession is in order rang'd,
 Undraw the curtain, now the scene is chang'd :
 By two and two they move, some clad in white,
 Emblems of innocence, and that delight
 Which we regret, with all this solemn shew,
 The rest in fable, speaks the present woe.
 The sacred altar is with incense spread,
 The deepest mourners are by sadness led :
 Two mutes are sitting underneath the shrine
 Of foul detraction, thwarting their design.
 The flaming torches with rich odours burn,
 And garlands wait to deck the perfum'd urn :
 Laurels are wreath'd, on crowns of honour plac'd,
 Merit's bright standard ever shall be grac'd ;
 While monumental brass presents each name,
 Which best will speak their everlasting fame.
 We need no more ; for memory must retain
 Their great perfection, which have shewn so plain

That sullen Envy, sick'ning at the sight,
 With rage and grief had wrap'd her spleen in
 night ;

Till big with malice, bursting from her cave
 To spit her venom, found in that a grave.
 With wildness rav'd, despairing the success
 Of what she wish'd ; not able to suppress
 The jealous fit : her gall became a tide,
 Deluge ensu'd, and thus old Envy dy'd.

The trumpets sound, the flags are hoisted high,
 The chorus join, who can with Garrick vie ? }
 Both him and Pritchard charm'd the public eye.
 The richest fund that ever grac'd a stage,
 In him we've found the phoenix of the age.





A D V I C E

T O A

P E T I T M A I T R E .

Sweet-scented Sir, accept a friend's advice,
 'Tis female counsel, and in course 'tis nice.
 Be not alarm'd, I will not shock your pride,
 With masculine reproach ; but pray do hide
 Your insignificant, disgusting air ;
 Nor think to captivate by what you wear :
 That affectation, simper, and false taste
 Discard ; seek common sense, 'tis fit you haste,
 With men of parts converse, throw off the fop,
 You may learn at Arth'r's, or Betty's shop,
 Here Fashion reigns, good sense, high life is seen,
 They play, 'tis true, but never take you in :

Suppose you loose a thousand pound or so,
 The company is good, for this you go ;
 To gain experience, quintessence of wit,
 Drink sparkling wine, and every thing that's fit
 To animate your soul, teach you to soar
 Above yourselves ; dress, perfume, and what
 more ;

Your fortune — no, that must not, cannot be,
 Prudence forbids, and here your will is free :
 The fault's in you, if you exceed its bounds,
 Not in the place, where honest Fame resounds.
 If an unthinking few have acted wrong,
 By straining points which could not last them
 long :

Themselves the only cause of all their pain ;
 Nor can with honour ought but that arraign.
 Well, my soft, pretty Sir, will you be good,
 Take my advice, as every fribble shou'd ;
 Not vainly think that gesture, form, and dress,
 Will want of sense atone ; it can't express
 That you have any beauty of the mind,
 Fools may be brilliant, tho' in knowledge blind.
 At Ranelagh indeed, where crouds so flock,
 One may admire, loftiness of look,
 Whether the head is rais'd to shew the heart
 Is great, aspiring, acts the noble part ;

Fain

Fain would exceed all ranks of noble fame,
To gain superior praise and raise a name.

Not 'cause two ladies wear their hair so high,
One, as her husband says, was forc'd to buy,
Determin'd all the others to outvie. }

Unfortunate indeed, this little fair,
Ambitious to have all, and griefs to share ;
That Grace attentive walking by her side
But Lady —— the favours —— all divide.

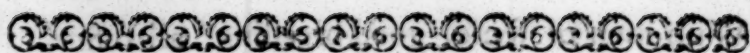
Ladies, I beg your pardon, 'tis not you
I would instruct ; your taste is just, 'tis — new.
The beaux I would address, bid them reform,
Bravely resolve to check the impending storm,
Which is in embryo, ripening with much speed,
Rapid its course, urg'd by the present need ;
Adopt new measures, let your judgment speak,
And boldly too avoid the coward sneak :
Not like some new blown coxcombs I could
name,

Who lurk in corners, conscious of that shame
With which they mean to stain some lovely fair,
Whose innocence induces her to hear
His seeming friendship ; but is soon dismay'd,
Finding the hook beneath that bait was laid.
Whisperings of nothing, or what perhaps is worse,
Delicacy forbids me to rehearse.

Externally they are fine, but look within,
 Ignorance and pride, ostentation, sin,
 There reigns alone; your company's a pest;
 Your conversation, when 'tis at the best,
 Is nonsense all, disgusting to the soul.
 Wonder not then, unable to controul
 One single sense, that you are slighted thus;
 I deem a coxcomb as the greatest curse
 That can befall me all my whole life thro',
 Had rather that my breath I'd never drew,
 Than mix with such who wantonly upbraid
 What they should cherish with their strongest aid:
 The very means they use to gain their end,
 Serves to protect; our stars propitious send
 Us rays of light, to prove their dark design
 Is to destroy our peace, make us resign
 That charm, which they themselves, to virtue
 lost,
 Would soon upbraid us for, by ignorance taught.
 A consolation this, your want of power
 E're to disturb one dear delightful hour:
 Not that I think, pray understand me right,
 All men like you, unable to requite
 A trusting faith: no, far be it from my heart;
 I've proofs convincing, fully, not in part.

To the reverse, four years in pleasure past,
 Too much for mortal more than those to last :
 With men of sense, good breeding, all refine,
 Gods, with what rapture, tasting this sublime,
 The hours roll on — the soul-addressing wit,
 Will please, instruct — with joy our senses hit.
 Know this my spark, and if you mean to gain
 The least esteem, improve your shallow brain ;
 Repair to study, read both men and books,
 Then see how odious to your fancy looks,
 Those shining baubles which you now admire
 With so much anxious care and fond desire.
 Inform'd by knowledge 'tis the soul must please,
 No more with foolish trifles then you'll tease :
 Study yourself, and we shall study you,
 Observe this maxim in each thing you do :
 Let eloquence of ease with prudence join,
 Good sense, politeness, be the current coin ;
 You'll gain admittance where you wish to go,
 We'll change the orders from the cruel No
 To Yes — my Lady is at home, entrè,
 Thus shall each Abigail be made to say.
 But if you still persist to seek your fall,
 The storm shall come, and sure 'twill drown
 you all.

A CARD.



A

C A R D.

Respectful compliments I presume to send,
My grateful heart would worth'er tribute
blend,

With thanks, for favour of the list, sanction free,
To which I have no claim ; still I fain would be
In your esteem held worthy the smallest place,
Boldly I'd on, nor dread the least disgrace,
To publish by subscription will continue,
And you that would animate my muse anew,
Are all intreated to send your names in time,
E're I retire and quit this much-lov'd clime ;
If not encourag'd by your kind protection,
I ne'er can hope to reach the least perfection.
Annually I'll write if you approve my choice,
Bid me to proceed with one united voice :

In

future [91]

In a ~~fuller~~ production perhaps you may find
Something worth perusing, which now is con-
fin'd.

In pitto it lays close lock'd up in that chest;
By birth-right I had it, the key must not rest.
But if in a convent I shut myself up,
Speculation will cease, shall grieve to give up
This delicious repast, more pleasing to see
Than Helicon mount, or Arcadia could be;
Nectar'd goblets, liquor for the Gods divine,
Cannot surpass this darling joy sublime.
Speculation's the key of Nature I mean,
In this transparent glass alone it is seen:
I love it I own, 'tis the balm of my life,
I view the rich crop, and avoid ev'ry strife.
The books are now open, you know where to
send,
If farther dispos'd your protection to lend;
On that will depend my future display,
I must cease to write if you should say nay.

End of the FIRST VOLUME.



12.7.101